THE
NATION

DECEMBER 30, 1961 . . 25c

MANDATE for KENNEDY

Women Speak Out for Peace

Stephanie Gervis

A TIME for AMNESTY

The Scales Case — Laurent B. Frantz

Braden-Wilkinson Case — William M. Kunstler

THE FLAVOR of TURNIPS

A Soviet Writer Answers an American Critic

Yuri Nagibin

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LETTERS

Plea for Siqueiros

Dear Sirs: The continued imprisonment of David Alfaro Siqueiros, Mexico's greatest living painter, has stirred deep concern among artists, writers, intellectuals and civil libertarians everywhere. The undersigned have recently returned from a special trip to Mexico City, where we functioned as an unofficial Committee of Inquiry on behalf of many Americans who share that concern, including those associated with the United States Friends of Mexico.

We were able to interview Siqueiros, through a wire grill, in Lecumberri Prison, where defendants accused of crimes involving possible sentences of more than five years are held without bail while awaiting trial. Some political prisoners have already waited here two and a half years. Siqueiros has been in this jail for about fifteen months, pending a final decision in his case. Though ill with a liver complaint, he seems remarkably vigorous, and indomitable in spirit.

Our study of the case — we talked to many well-informed Mexicans about it — leads us to the conclusion that here is a clear violation of freedom of speech and of association. Article 145 of the Mexican Penal Code, under which Siqueiros was indicted, is so vague and sweeping that on its face it infringes upon civil liberties, and empowers a repressive government to prosecute almost any person or group carrying on peaceful anti-government activity or propaganda. This is the Draconian law under which a man is presumed guilty of "social dissolution," and may be imprisoned up to twelve years, if by word or act he "tends to provoke rebellion, sedition, tumult or riot."

We are interested in the release of Siqueiros not only because of the important civil-liberties issue at stake, but also because we wish to see him resume his creative work as an artist. While in Mexico City, we saw at Chapultepec Castle the splendid mural which he had half finished when he was arrested in August, 1960, and which had been commissioned by the Mexican Government itself. Another mural by Siqueiros remains uncompleted at the headquarters of the National Association of Actors. To keep this world-famous painter in prison is an offense against art and culture, against the Mexican people and against humanity at large.

We therefore ask all Americans who love freedom and art to appeal by letter or telegram to President Lopez Mateos of Mexico to release Siqueiros and to dismiss the legal proceedings against him.

STANLEY J. FAULKNER
ROBERT GWATHMEY
New York City CORLISS LAMONT

For Better Marksmanship

Dear Sirs: Dr. E. U. Condon's sound solution to the problem of excessive radioactivity through the distribution of dilaffin pills ("Better Dead" — December 2) was both welcome and reassuring. His benevolent realism could be usefully applied to the controversy stirred up by clerics who have lent moral sanction to the determination of shelter owners to gun down invading neighbors when the bombs fall. If these men of the cloth are in error, it is only because their practicality does not extend far enough. Logic and humanism demand that civil-defense-sponsored courses in elementary and advanced marksmanship be made available. Use the weapon, by all means — but use it well!

The hard-to-convince will be put to rout when it is pointed out that children, especially when frightened, present most elusive targets, and only diligent practice will enable us to get the smaller tykes with the first bullet.

Baltimore, Md. MILTON BATES

Dear Sirs: If Dr. E. U. Condon's article "Better Dead" (December 2) does not shock our masterminds of the Office of Emergency Planning into realizing the utter lunacy of their actions, then we *are* doomed. MIRIAM LEVIN

Chevy Chase, Md.

Fresh-Air Section

Dear Sirs: At a time when an aura of madness seems to descend on most of the public press and journals, to me it's like a breath of fresh spring air to open up your editorial section each week. The calm, well-reasoned sanity of these pages sort of restores my faith in the human race. Congratulations on your courage and appreciation for your efforts. HUGH MCKEE

Los Altos, Calif.

Superfluous Ghost

Dear Sirs: At the risk of being lumped with Ibsen's modernist detractors, I would like to make a correction of a statement by Harold Clurman in his review of *Ghosts* (Dec. 2). So-called "hereditary" syphilis, i.e., syphilis transmitted from the mother to the unborn fetus or newborn infant, can be prevented, treated and cured with today's antibiotics. This fact, combined with routine blood tests for detection of syphilis in pregnant women, has resulted in a marked reduction in the occurrence of prenatally acquired (congenital) syphilis.

So, had Oswald been living today, his physical fate indeed would have been different from Ibsen's portrayal. Ibsen's other ghosts, however, have not been so successfully dispelled by modern technology. BARRY MILLER, M.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1961
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Et Tu, Brute!

It is a truism that a man may lead a blameless life and ruin himself by one misstep, if it is serious enough. By his invasion of Goa, Pandit Nehru may not have disabled himself permanently as a spokesman for peace and equity in international relations, but he will certainly be suspect for a long time to come. "Taking any military action is contrary to my grain," he pleaded. "It hurts me to do this." Premier Khrushchev expressed similar pious sentiments when he resumed nuclear testing. One almost longs for the return of the old-fashioned militarist, who grabbed what he could and made no bones about it.

The Indian seizure of Goa was safe enough. Most of the Asians and Africans have only colonialism on their minds and their approval is automatic. Britain is over a barrel: by past friendship and formal alliance, she is at least morally obligated to come to the aid of Portugal, but she will limit herself to verbal condemnation. The U.N. has its hands full in the Congo. Portugal is tied down in Angola (and has one eye on Galvao) and even if she were in a position to send reinforcements to Goa, Nasser would close the Suez Canal against her. The USSR, of course, supports military action against a colonialist power and member of NATO. Even those who are most revolted by the Indian infraction of the principles Indians have publicly stood for, are equally revolted by the Salazar regime and their reproaches must sound a little hollow in their own ears. As far as any military or even moral reprisals are concerned, Nehru pulled off his coup with practically no risk.

Yet retribution is sure. In the United States, where admiration for India has been on the downgrade, mostly for bad reasons, it will now be further diminished for a good reason. It will be said that where internal politics and "national interest" impel a country toward immoral action, India has no more moral stamina than countries which never did have any principles. American aid to India, and American foreign aid generally, may well be curtailed. An equally practical consideration for Nehru must lie on his northern border. The Chinese Reds no doubt feel as justified in seizing what they regard as their own as Nehru felt when he yielded to his generals and resorted to force. In abandoning his principles, Nehru has opened a Pandora's box of future troubles for the world and for India: Hong Kong, Macao, Timor, Taiwan, Dutch New Guinea and others.

But the greatest injury has been done to the U.N., and thereby to every member nation and equally to those still outside. A premium has been put on cynicism and opportunism; the shaky structure of international law has been further undermined—and by a nation that has done more than its share in the past to uphold the idea of world community. Ironically, Nehru's Gurkas have been the spearhead of the U.N.'s expedition in the Congo and now Nehru himself joins the Birchites and other domestic critics of the U.N., not to mention the remaining colonial powers, obsessed with prestige and foreign investments, in weakening suuport for the U.N. at a critical moment in its history. If brave Gurkas must die, better that they should die in a police action to uphold the authority of the U.N. than that they should participate in vest-pocket conquests.

That Terrible Island

According to a UPI dispatch appearing in the Houston *Post*, the Coast Guard knoweth not what the Central Intelligence Agency doeth, and probably vice versa. A freighter, the *Cottonwood Creek,* plying the Atlantic near Key West, came up an outboard motor boat painted black. The boat turned out to be equipped with a ship-to-shore radio, skin-diving equipment, underwater flashlights and sheath knives. Two men who were aboard protested that they needed no help, but the skipper of the *Cottonwood Creek* forcibly rescued them, radioed the Coast Guard about his unusual find, and was told to bring the crew into the nearest port for questioning. The captain construed the nearest port to be Galveston, but before he got there he was advised to forget the affair. The ungrateful seafarers, rescued from a watery grave, were removed from the freighter by immigration officers, and disappeared. Everyone concerned denied all knowledge

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of everything; in Washington, an assistant commissioner of immigration said he "wouldn't dare" give out any information if he had it. The Washington correspondent of the *Post* could not disclose his source, but stated that he was "positive" the two men, one described as an American, the other as a Cuban, were part of a CIA operation.

This little comedy is symptomatic of something more serious, however. The Cuban front is being reactivated: all the familiar signs point to the fact. Increased activity is reported among the refugees in Miami and elsewhere; from Bogotá comes an AP dispatch stating that anti-Castro exiles, heartened by President Kennedy's tumultuous reception, are planning to establish a guerrilla warfare training camp in Colombia. The *Chicago Daily News* reports that training bases for Cubans in Guatemala are reopening. Anti-Castro leaflets have been showered on Havana by a B-25 bomber and sabotage has been stepped up within the city. Not a spoonful of Cuban sugar will be permitted to pass American lips. And the word is that after the OAS expels Cuba, economic pressure and military demonstrations will follow, and when Castro's supporters are sufficiently demoralized, the Cuban patriots will swarm back to the homeland and make the country safe for democracy, or for a new Batista, as the case may be.

It is not clear why American officialdom should be so exercised over this nearby but militarily impotent state. Are we so unstable that the mere presence of the bearded Leninist-Marxist puts our institutions in jeopardy? It seems that we have as little confidence in our institutions as in ourselves. Senator Javits is reported to have referred to Castro's Cuba as "a bone in our throat," a metaphor of singularly little originality or aptness. It would be better if he, and all our legislators and administrators, just let Castro alone for a while, as General MacArthur by-passed inconvenient islands in his victorious Pacific campaign. On this particular island, there is little to gain and much to lose, a conclusion which anyone may confirm with only a modest amount of calm reflection.

Season for Amnesty

Considerable space in this issue is devoted to appeals in behalf of the victims of political persecution (certainly Christmas is the time for such appeals, and *The Nation* the natural place). It may comfort some people to know that, despite the rantings of the Right and the utmost efforts of the House Un-American Activities Committee, a mere handful of Americans (aside from those involved in segregation cases) are now behind bars for their political beliefs. It doesn't comfort us; for us, and for many others, one is too many. The Scales and Braden-Wilkinson cases are gone into some detail on page 526. But there is also the Sobell case, for which The Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell (940 Broadway, N.Y. 10) is doing yeoman service. And there are several score First and Fifth Amendment cases, in various stages of legal proceedings, to which the American Civil Liberties Union, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the Committee of First Amendment Defendants are devoting time and money. All these organizations could usefully share your Christmas generosity; so could the New York Council to Abolish the HUAC (address, 150 W. 34th St., N.Y. 1), and its counterpart councils elsewhere in the country.

In other lands, the picture is a good deal worse. Secretary Rusk's public adoration last week of Franco came as a shock to many Americans, and especially to the Appeal for Amnesty (P.O. Box 3514, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17), which is seeking to collect money and support for an appeal to the Generalissimo and to the Human Rights Commission of the U.N. in behalf of 6,000 political prisoners still in Franco's jails—some of them imprisoned for twenty-two years. The Confederated Spanish Societies (231 W. 18th St., N.Y.C.) at the moment is protesting the suppression in France of four Spanish-language labor newspapers read widely by the thousands of Spanish refugees still on French soil. Direct help to these refugees is given by Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. (80 E. 11th St., N.Y.C.) and other bodies. An eloquent plea in behalf of the artist Siqueiros, jailed in Mexico, appears on our Letters page.

We have deliberately favored, in this partial listing, older cases and older organizations deserving of support. Groups supporting justice for Negroes, both here and in Africa, are continually in the headlines; one way or another, we are reminded almost daily of their usefulness and the need for supporting them. It is the older injustices that tend to slip from our minds. There is no better time to recall them than in this season of amnesty.

The War Party

It has always been a fair inference that anyone who shouted for victory in the cold war, and did not specifically limit himself to peaceful means, was willing to resort to arms if need be. There was never much doubt that the sponsors of Project Alert were in this gallery. The presumption is now confirmed. The Alert promoters are urging openly "preventive" war, i.e., a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union, and no more shilly-shallying with "containment," "negotiation from strength," or other outworn "moderate" policies.

At the December 14 night session of the five-day school on anti-communism held in Los Angeles under the sponsorship of Project Alert, Loyd Wright, a former president of the California State Bar, told the assembled

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crusaders: "I'm in favor of a preventive war." To start things off, he advocated freeing the Baltic nations posthaste. "I'd tell the Russians to get out within a certain time," said Mr. Wright, "and if they didn't I would commence shooting. If we have to blow up Moscow, that's too bad." Mr. Wright, it should be noted, is chairman of the National Strategy Committee of the American Security Council, which recently issued a report on American policy toward Red China that carried, in addition to Mr. Wright's, the following signatures: Admiral Arthur W. Radford (USN Ret.), Lt.-General Edward M. Almond, (USAF, Ret.), Rear Admiral Chester Ward (USN, Ret.), Admiral Ben Moreell (USN, Ret.), Admiral Felix Stump (USN Ret.) and General A. C. Wedemeyer (USA Ret.). The American Security Council, in turn, is one of the co-sponsors of Project Alert (see *The Nation*, December 23, 1961).

The reporters covering the Los Angeles sessions, though inured to the ways of Project Alert, seem to have been somewhat incredulous at what they were hearing, and asked Mr. Wright whether he was really committed to the concept of preventive war. "You bet!" said Mr. Wright. "And I think the American people are in the same frame of mind."

Another speaker, Admiral Ward, urged that the military budget be doubled to make ready for The Day. "Let's not say we can't afford to survive," the Admiral shouted. "Damn it, we can afford to and we must spend the money even if we have to pay more taxes." (Cheers.) He then made it clear what the money would be spent for—America must be prepared to launch a "pre-emptive" war. He called on President Kennedy to withdraw his promise that America would never be the one to start a war. "If we think the enemy is about to strike us," is the Admiral's formula, "we should strike first."

The Project Alerters, Birchers and other nuclear chauvinists are often referred to as "ultra-conservatives." A new name should be coined for them, for surely they have nothing in common with such conservatives as Dwight Eisenhower or George Humphrey. "Nucleomaniacs" is clumsy, but it describes them. If a genuine conservative is ever confused with them, he should sue for libel and slander and Loyd Wright, for all his experience at the bar, might very well come out the loser.

The Spirit of Old Siwash

"Old Siwash" — Knox College of Galesburg, Ill. (student body, 861; faculty 73) — has given academic America a brilliant demonstration of how to deal with snoopers. A campus debate on HUAC caught the eye of Willard Edwards of the Chicago *Tribune*, who promptly "viewed with alarm" in the familiar manner. But instead of truckling to Edwards and the *Tribune*, the college community counterattacked: President Sharvy G. Umbeck publicly labeled Edward's story a gross injustice to the student body; the faculty asked Edwards to "permit others to enjoy the freedom he himself enjoys"; and the *Knox Student* accused him of misrepresentation. The student senate then invited the reporter to speak on the campus. Edwards accepted, and in his speech declared: "In all the years I have covered (HUAC) I have never witnessed a single case in which a witness was abused, deprived of his rights. . . ." The students listened politely but incredulously. At the end, Edwards said: "I expect to learn more from you than you could possibly from me." That seems to have been the most convincing part of his discourse.

What Knox College did, any college — large or small — can do, provided that it fairly presents both sides of controversial issues, unites in defense of its academic freedom and then, instead of retreating under fire, hails its critics before the bar of public opinion.

WOMEN SPEAK OUT for PEACE.. *by Stephanie Gervis*

THE PHENOMENON generally known as "Women Strike for Peace" arose largely out of the fear that Russia's recent series of nuclear tests would mark an "open season" for testing by all the nuclear powers. The movement, already operating in more than sixty cities in this country (with contacts in a score of foreign countries), basically represents a maternal concern; peace with leukemia promises no brighter future for the nation's children than does war with incineration.

The word "movement" is used advisedly, because "Women Strike for Peace" is not an organization. In fact, communication without organization has become one of the women's cardinal principles. Only by preserving the grass-roots nature of their campaign do they feel they can be effective and avoid being written off as just another organized protest group. They are coordinated only in their goals: peaceful negotiation of international disputes and an end to all nuclear testing. Contact is maintained through loose lines of communication — mostly by telephone and mail, together with occasional regional meetings at which joint action, such as the recent demonstrations at the U.N. by women

STEPHANIE GERVIS is education editor of the Mount Vernon Daily Argus.

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from the New York metropolitan area, may be planned.

To understand the total operation it is necessary to study a local one, since the stress on non-organization makes it impossible for the whole to be any more than the sum of its parts. What has happened at Mount Vernon, N.Y., a city of 76,000 within easy commuting distance of New York City, is more or less typical of the movement.

THE AWAKENING of Mount Vernon had its beginnings in a telephone conversation between two friends, Mrs. Dolores Leff and Mrs. Elaine Kuntz, on the night of Wednesday, Oct. 25, two months after the Russians had begun testing. Their conversation turned to their children and the kind of world, if any, they would have to grow up in. Despair at the prospects was compounded by the feeling that, as mothers, they had a responsibility to do something, but that things had gone far beyond not merely their control, but beyond even their capacity to influence. Finally, after discussing the protests that they heard were being planned for Nov. 1 by women in New York and Washington, they decided to try to organize something in Mount Vernon for the same day.

The following night, seven women gathered at Mrs. Kunitz's home to map a plan of action. For them, the only encouraging development in recent weeks had been President Kennedy's restraint in not immediately resuming atmospheric testing when the Russians did, and his advocacy of a "peace race" in his Sept. 25 address before the U.N. General Assembly. Representing, as women, a potential majority of all voters, they would let Mr. Kennedy know that he had a political base on which to build the policy he had outlined at the U.N.

Their plan was a modest one—a silent walk through the center of town carrying two signs calling for an end to war and to nuclear testing, and tables set up at four street ...cations at which passers-by could ... peace messages to Kennedy and ...shchev as well as to U.N. Ambassadors Adlai Stevenson and Valerian Zorin. They thought it would be a "one shot" deal.

On Friday, three of the women went to see Republican Mayor P. Raymond Sirignano to request permission to stage their demonstration and set up the writing tables. "If less than twenty-five women turn out, we won't walk," they told him. "If more than fifty turn out, we'll be happy." The Mayor granted not only his permission, but his enthusiastic endorsement. The next stop was the local newspaper to arrange for advance publicity and coverage of the walk itself. Friday night and Saturday morning were devoted to preparing fliers announcing the walk and asking local ministers to help in the distribution. Of the twenty-four clergymen contacted, twenty-two agreed either to announce the walk from their pulpits or to distribute the fliers, or both. The two who declined implied that the women might be Communist dupes. Suspicion of motives is a problem the women still face from time to time, and one for which they have no answer except to repeat that they are simply mothers who want their children to grow up and live in peace.

By Monday the working nucleus had grown to thirteen women. At 1 P.M. on Wednesday, the day of the walk, the women began to assemble in front of the City Hall—old and young and middle-aged, Negro and white, Christian and Jewish—until there were 106 of them, including the wife of Westchester's Republican County Clerk, Ed Warren. Many had their children with them. At 1:30, the Rev. A. Kenneth Magner, Jr., minister of the First Presbyterian Church, approached the microphone provided by the Mayor's staff and commended the marchers on behalf of the local clergy for their "courageous act." He then led them in the United Nations Prayer. Following a brief address by one of their number, Mrs. Gilbert Shulman, Mount Vernon's Distinguished Citizen of 1955, the women began their walk silently, two by two, pushing their baby carriages or holding their children in their arms or by the hand. They covered a circular route of twelve blocks in approximately twenty minutes, arriving back at City Hall at 2:10. One of the two signs they carried quoted President Kennedy's U. N. address, "Put an End to War or War Will Put an End to Mankind." The other said, "Join This Walk to Protest All Arms Testing." Seven women did join them as they walked.

The demonstration was received calmly. It was a cold, gray day and not many people were out. But significantly, by the end of the day 600 messages had been written at the street "peace stations." This may not seem like much for a city of some 76,000. But considering the short time the women had to publicize their demonstration and the political complexion of much of the community—exemplified in the editorial comment of *The Daily Argus* that no American will "want war, even nuclear war, avoided solely out of fear of its physical hazards" — the results were considered heartening. Feeling they had done their bit, the women returned to the piles of dishes that had gone unwashed during the week of frantic activity.

THEY were soon to learn, however, that they had touched a responsive chord. Phones began to ring: "What's next?" "You can't stop now." Most of the calls were from women who hadn't participated in the walk. It was encouraging, but it was also frightening. Most of the women involved had families to care for, houses to keep and no maids. But in their effort to provide a mandate for the President, they had found one for themselves.

So when it was learned that 300 Long Island women who had demonstrated at the U.S. mission to the U.N. on Nov. 1 had pledged to return on Nov. 8, 3,000 strong, the word was passed along. Friday night, Nov. 3, the Mount Vernon women met, decided to participate, chartered two buses and wired Ambassadors Stevenson and Zorin that they hoped to see them on Nov. 8.

Once again the women took to their telephones and, on the day fixed, a Mount Vernon contingent numbering nearly 100 set out for

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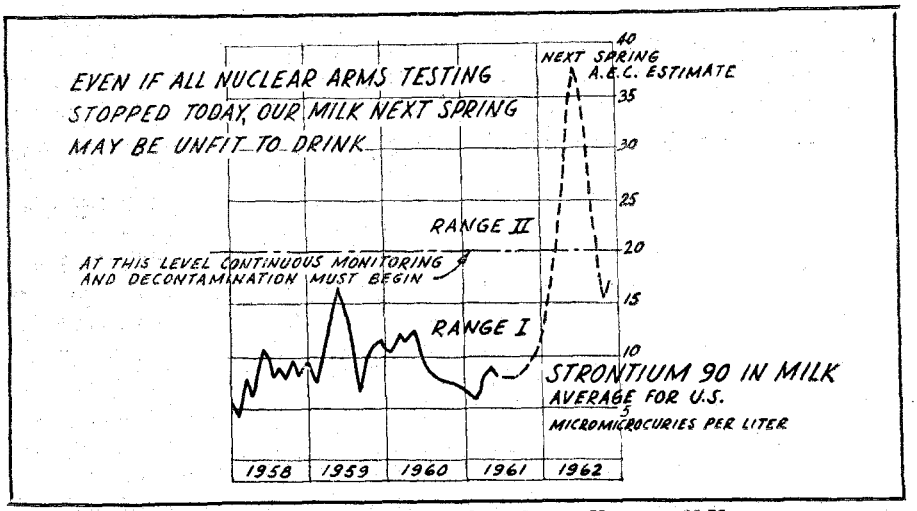

Chart from "fact sheet" prepared by Mount Vernon, N.Y. women.

the U.N. Plaza. To pay for the buses, each passenger gave a dollar. Some of the women drove their own cars. The number of demonstrators that day—from New York, Long Island, Westchester, New Jersey—was closer to 2,000 than 3,000, and they were met by neither Stevenson nor Zorin (the Russians were celebrating the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution). But there were enough of them to command attention from both the officials and the press, and they were addressed by Ambassador Arthur Dean, chief U. S. negotiator at the Geneva test-ban talks. Splinter delegations visited the Japanese, Canadian and West German missions.

Two days later a delegation, including representatives from Mount Vernon, met with a first secretary at the Soviet mission. He read a statement repeating Soviet charges that the Western powers had provoked the Russians to resume testing. The women replied that they were not interested in laying the blame; they were interested only in stopping the testing once and for all. They presented the secretary with statements for both Premier Khrushchev and Mme. Khrushchev.

After a weekend off, Mrs. Leff and Mrs. Ann Phillips attended a meeting of metropolitan area "peace women" at the Hotel Paris in New York on Monday night, Nov. 13. Word of this meeting, like all the meetings—local, regional and national—got around via the grapevine. The idea of formal organization was discussed and rejected, as it had been at a national meeting in Washington, D. C., the preceding Wednesday. Two women from neighboring Briarcliff who had attended the Washington meeting reported on the suggestions that had come out of it. One was that demonstrations be held the first of every month. Another was that demonstrations be held on Dec. 1 which would focus on the contamination of milk by strontium-90 and other poisons produced by nuclear explosions. They were offered as only suggestions; it would be up to local communities to decide whether to accept them or not.

That Thursday night, the Mount Vernon women met and decided they did not want to "contrive" monthly demonstrations. They proceeded with what they thought would be the wind-up of their campaign, at least until something new and "critical" came up. They ordered photo-offset copies of the newspaper accounts of their activities printed and sent one to every member of Congress.

BUT the problem of milk contamination bothered the women. "We decided that we would at least find out about it," Mrs. Leff recalls. So they began wading through reports of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Public Health Service and the Federal Radiation Council. They found out that even if all nuclear testing stopped right now, by spring the strontium-90 content of milk will reach the level at which continuous monitoring and decontamination will be necessary. This, they agreed, was critical; with the aid of a chemist and a science writer, they put together a fact sheet for public distribution. They heard from the chemist that one of the Great Neck women had come to him for similar help. They arranged that the Mount Vernon women would complete the fact sheet and the Great Neck women would see that it was printed.

On November 30, a committee was named to work out a plan for distributing copies of the fact sheet locally. It was the first committee of any kind set up by the Mount Vernon women, and it will exist only as long as it takes to do the job for which it was set up. (None of its members were among the original thirteen who worked on the Nov. 1 demonstration.) The following day, Dec. 1, the Mount Vernon women again joined others from the New York area in a peace walk at the U.N. The Great Neck contingent brought 25,000 printed copies of the fact sheet and handed them out to the demonstrators for distribution that day and later in their communities. Mount Vernon took 10,000.

Mrs. Leff presented the fact sheet, with some explanation of its content, to a regional meeting held in New York the following day. It was announced that office space at 750 Third Ave., in the city, had been donated and that the Manhattan women would operate it as a "clearing house" for information, mail and material.

BUT the Mount Vernon women feel that they can be most effective within their own community, at least for the time being. For the next month or so, they expect to be occupied with educating local citizens to the dangers of milk contamination. They are also in demand as "consultants" to other peace groups throughout Westchester County.

As for the future, they feel they must stay in existence until there is complete disarmament. But this poses problems. In the first place, they are growing (those connected with the Mount Vernon movement now number about 100), and they

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all want to be kept informed of what's going on. The grapevine method of communication is no longer adequate. Absolute adherence to non-organization may have to be abandoned and a communications committee set up. This is a question the women are still pondering. There is also the question of time. Most of the women are wives and mothers, which is why they became involved in the first place. A system of rotating responsibility, which began when new blood assumed the task of educating the public on milk, will have to be developed so that children can be fed and husbands reassured.

Newcomers to the field of public action, so far they are doing all right. They surprised not only the community, but themselves by proving that the voice of the average citizen can still be heard.

A TIME for AMNESTY

It is always in order for an editor to remind his readers of injustices, even old ones; and never more so than at this time of year, the traditional time for political amnesty (see editorial, "Season for Amnesty," page 522). The Scales and Braden-Wilkinson cases, described below, rank in the forefront of political prosecutions in this country that cry for rectification. Commutation of their sentences by President Kennedy would do more than return freedom to men who many believe have been unjustly imprisoned; it would put the official Administration stamp of disapproval on the witch-hunt techniques and attitudes that made possible their conviction.

Mr. Kunstler teaches law at New York Law School and Pace College; Mr. Frantz has been writing on various aspects of the civil-liberties problem for many years. —EDITORS.

Braden-Wilkinson

William M. Kunstler

ON WEDNESDAY, November 8, 1961, a delegation of distinguished Americans, headed by Clarence Pickett of the American Friends Service Committee, presented a national clemency petition on behalf of Frank Wilkinson and Carl Braden to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. The petition was signed by over 3,000 persons from forty-eight states, including more than 300 clergymen, 500 university professors and scores of public figures, college presidents, editors, trade-union leaders, publishers, writers and businessmen. Among the signatories were Thurman Arnold, Mrs. Marshall Field, Kay Boyle, Archibald MacLeish, Harold C. Urey, A. Philip Randolph, Margaret Halsey, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Linus Pauling, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, and the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Braden and Wilkinson were convicted by federal courts in Georgia for refusing to answer questions before a HUAC subcommittee in 1958. Legal aspects of the case go a long way toward explaining the broad interest it has generated.

Braden, a field secretary for the Southern Conference Educational Fund and the editor of its newspaper, the *Southern Patriot,* had devoted himself to the cause of racial integration for many years before his conviction. On July 30, 1958, he was called as a witness by a three-man subcommittee of HUAC which was sitting in Atlanta, Georgia, for the purpose, according to its chairman, Congressman Walter, of gathering "factual information . . . which will enable the Committee and the Congress to appraise the administration and operation of the Smith Act, the Internal Security Act of 1950, the Communist Control Act of 1954 and numerous provisions of the Criminal Code relating to espionage, sabotage and subversion."

Braden was subsequently cited for contempt for refusing to answer six questions asked of him by Richard Arens, HUAC counsel. Two of the questions had to do with his participation in a meeting of the Southern Conference Educational Fund in Atlanta in December of 1957; two concerned his association with the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee; one sought information as to whether he was a Communist "the instant" he had signed a letter on July 22, 1958, on Southern Conference stationery, urging opposition to three federal bills designed to strengthen state sedition laws; and the last dealt with whether he had any connection with a publication known as the *Southern Newsletter.*

BRADEN was indicted on December 2, 1958, under a federal statute making it a misdemeanor for a witness before a Congressional committee to refuse "to answer any questions pertinent to the question under inquiry." He was quickly brought to trial. HUAC counsel Arens was the only witness for the government. In essence, Arens testified that the subcommittee had reason to believe that the defendant was a Communist and that the information sought by the unanswered questions was necessary to assist HUAC in its consideration of pending legislative proposals, specifically H. R. 9937, a bill which would have amended the Smith Act, the Immigration and Nationality Act and the Internal Security Act. After Arens' testimony and the reading of excerpts from the Atlanta hearings, the district judge denied Braden's motion for a judgment of acquittal, and submitted the case to the jury. In his charge, he foreclosed the jurors from passing on the pertinency of the unanswered questions by holding them pertinent as a matter of law.

Wilkinson, who in December of 1956 had refused to answer any questions put to him by another HUAC subcommittee in Los Angeles, was not originally scheduled to

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be a witness in Atlanta. An outspoken opponent of HUAC, he was subpoenaed at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel within an hour after his arrival there on July 23. As soon as he took the stand, Counsel Arens advised him that "it is the information of the Committee or the suggestion of the Committee that, in anticipation of the hearings here in Atlanta, Georgia, you were sent to this area by the Communist Party for the purpose of developing a hostile sentiment to this Committee and to its work, for the purpose of undertaking to bring pressure upon the United States Congress to preclude these particular hearings."

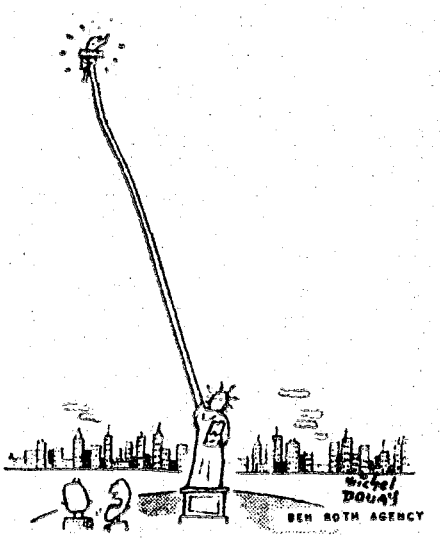
Wilkinson then refused to answer any questions on the ground that "this Committee tends by its mandate and by its practices, to investigate into precisely those areas of free speech, religion, peaceful association and assembly, and of the press, wherein it cannot legislate and therefore it cannot investigate." He was promptly indicted for his failure to answer one of Arens' questions—"Are you now a member of the Communist Party?"—convicted and, after a trial that duplicated Braden's, sentenced to a year in jail, the maximum permitted by the statute.

After the convictions were upheld by the federal Court of Appeals, the two men appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which heard both cases on November 17, 1960.

ALTHOUGH the convictions were upheld on February 27, 1961, by a 5-to-4 majority, it is obvious from the record that HUAC had no purpose in summoning either man other than as retaliation against Wilkinson for his outspoken criticism of it, and, as far as Braden was concerned, punishment for his pro-integration activities in Louisville, Kentucky, and elsewhere. "I think it clear," said Justice Black in his *Wilkinson* dissent, "that this case involves nothing more or less than an attempt by the Un-American Activities Committee to use the contempt power of the House of Representatives as a weapon against those who dare to criticize it." The Court's affirmance of Braden's conviction was, he declared, "a decision which may well strip the Negro of the aid of many of the white people who have been willing to speak up in his behalf."

The background of the Atlanta hearings fully justified Black's assertions. The appearance of both men before the subcommittee was unconnected with the main flow of the proceeding, which was an investigation of "colonizers" who, according to one witness, were "directed by the Communist Party to teach and spread propaganda in order to cultivate the mass workers within a plant or industry or legitimate organization." None of the six witnesses who preceded Wilkinson and Braden on the stand referred to either man, to the Southern Conference Educational Fund or to the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. Perry Cartwright, the business manager of the *Southern Newsletter*, testified as to his publication, but made no mention of Braden. As Justice Brennan put it in his *Wilkinson* dissent, the subcommittee's clear purpose "was not to get information in aid of law making or law evaluation, but rather to harass the petitioner and expose him for the sake of exposure."

Justice Potter Stewart, who wrote the majority opinion in both cases, ruled that the subcommittee was pursuing a valid legislative purpose under an explicit authorizing resolution. If there was any reasonable ground to conclude that both recalcitrant witnesses were active members of the Communist Party, he could see no violation of the First Amendment by their interrogation. As for Wilkinson's claim that he was being harassed solely for his public opposition to HUAC, there was nothing "to indicate that it was the intention of Congress to immunize from interrogation all those (and there are many) who are opposed to the existence of the Un-American Activities Committee." As he saw it, Wilkinson and Braden were guilty of "deliberate and intentional" refusals to answer pertinent questions, and that was that.



"A slight alteration—some parts of the world still need enlightening!"

JUSTICE Douglas who, with Chief Justice Warren, joined in Black's dissent, wrote an opinion of his own. Rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives, which authorized HUAC to investigate domestic and foreign-inspired "un-American propaganda," did not pertain to criticism of the committee itself. "I cannot read the Resolution," he wrote, "as authorizing that kind of investigation without assuming that Congress intended to flout the First Amendment." Referring to the extensive editorial criticism that had been generated by the committee's controversial film, *Operation Abolition*, he concluded that newspaper editors and publishers might soon find themselves being persecuted by roving HUAC subcommittees eager to stamp out opposition.

Three years earlier, the Court, in *Watkins v. United States*, was widely understood to have ruled that, because of the vague nature of Rule XI, HUAC's investigations were not Constitutionally authorized. "It would be difficult to imagine," it said, "a less explicit authorizing resolution." However, in *Barenblatt v. United States*, which was decided after the defendants' convictions, the Court apparently reversed its field somewhat and held that the rule *did* authorize an investigation into communism, and that, in this respect, it was not too vague to be understood by a witness. According to the four-Justice minority in his case, Braden was entitled to rely on the *Watkins* de

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cision insofar as the five questions relating to the Southern Conference Educational Fund, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the *Southern Newsletter* were concerned.

Those questions, it emphasized, didn't have "the remotest connection with the Communist Party" other than HUAC's bold assertion that they did—a charge amounting "to little more than innuendo." As for the inquiry as to whether Braden was a Communist when he signed the July 22 letter, "no foundation had been laid for that question . . . save the hope of the Committee to link Communism with that letter." If HUAC was permitted to ask questions which had no "demonstrable connection" with communism, then it could "roam at will, requiring any individual to disclose his association with any group or with any publication which is unpopular with the Committee and which it can discredit by calling it Communistic."

AFTER their petitions for rehearings had been denied, Wilkinson and Braden entered the Federal Prison Camp at Donaldson Air Force Base in South Carolina. In November of 1961, following the filing of the national clemency petition on their behalf, they were moved to a similar model prison at Allenwood, Pennsylvania, where they expect to serve until their release in early February of next year. They have at least the satisfaction of having provoked Mr. Justice Black to one of his most eloquent dissents.

> The lesson to be learned from these two cases [Justice Black said in *Braden*] is, to my mind, clear. Liberty, to be secure for any must be secure for all — even for the most miserable merchants of hatred and unpopular ideas. When the United States begins to send its dissenters . . . to jail, the liberties indispensable to its existence must be fast disappearing. Only by a dedicated preservation of the freedoms of the First Amendment can we hope to preserve our Nation and its traditional ...y of life. There are grim reminders ...round this world that the dis...etween individual liberty and ...squad is not always as far

Junius Scales

Laurent B. Frantz

OF ALL THE domestic casualties resulting from our efforts to achieve "internal security," none seems to me more unnecessary or more fraught with irony than the case of prisoner No. 28398-NE at Lewisburg penitentiary. His name is Junius Irving Scales. He surrendered on October 2, 1961, to begin serving a six-year sentence for having once held a faith which he held no longer—a faith which he had abandoned, in disgust and disillusion, four and one-half years previously.

Scales was the guinea pig in the test case in which the Department of Justice established, by a bare 5-to-4 margin in the Supreme Court, the Constitutionality of that section of the Smith Act which makes it a crime merely to be a member of an organization, "knowing" that it advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence. He was not charged with having advocated the forbidden doctrine himself, much less with committing any acts designed to put it into effect. Indeed, at least four of the jurors who convicted him say that "there was no evidence of any act of violence committed by himself, or that he himself urged anyone to commit any acts of violence against the government." He was charged merely with having been a member of the Communist Party with knowledge that it "advocated" violent revolution.

I should say at once that I do not approach the Scales case as a disinterested and impartial observer. I knew Scales in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in the years 1947-50 and have seen him occasionally since. In my opinion, no competent casting office would have given him a moment's consideration for the role to which the mysterious processes of justice have assigned him.

Junius is a sixth-generation American, of Anglo-Saxon, Protestant ancestry, and a scion of one of North Carolina's distinguished families. His great-uncle had been governor of the state. No one who knows him could associate him with any threat of violence. Yet he publicly announced himself to be a member of the Communist Party and became its State Chairman. He seemed a living refutation of all the popular stereotypes as to what a Communist should be.

CHAPEL HILL in the late forties was quite a different world from that which eventually condemned Scales to prison for his party membership. As always, it is difficult to evoke the reality of one world for those who live in another.

Chapel Hill is a university town which has been outstanding, especially for the South, in its liberalism and in its tolerance for skepticism and dissent. In those days—Frank Graham was still President of the university—it was even more so. In the latter half of the forties, it was filled with veterans who were returning to college under the GI Bill. To many of these, fascism had always been the main enemy. The United States and the USSR had fought it side by side and so had Communist and non-Communist Americans. The effect of this had scarcely begun to wear off and the rumblings of the cold war and its domestic counterparts were just beginning.

A few among these veterans—chiefly graduate students in the humanities—had found in communism a faith which seemed to take the place of the faiths they had lost, and which required no belief in the supernatural. They were Marxists in their interpretation of what it was all about, and where it would come out in the end; but they differed little from liberal democrats in their views as to what ought to be done in the immediate future. They were believers in an impending revolution, but they also believed that revolutions are caused only by deep-rooted historical forces which they could neither call into being nor prevent. They would no more have thought of themselves as "advocating" violence than a Darwinian would think of himself as "advocating" the slaughter of the weak and defenseless. For these, and for others who were interested in communism but not committed to it, the center was Junius Scales's home in the nearby mill village of Carboro. Scales was himself a veteran with a record of honorable service in World War II.

Junius had come to the faith in a

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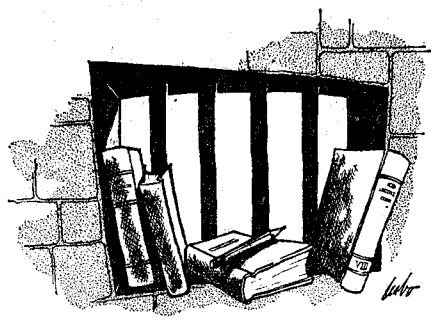
world even more different from ours: the campus world of the mid-thirties. Faith in capitalism, still clambering painfully out of the Great Depression, and still leaving scandalous numbers of people unemployed, was at low ebb. To readers of five-year plans, it could easily seem that socialism was making great strides forward while capitalism stood relatively still or drifted toward fascism. Horror of Nazism and sympathy for embattled Republican Spain had created an atmosphere in which the Communist appeal of that time for a united front against fascism was well received. Junius came out of college a convinced Communist. And so, instead of accepting the comfortable and privileged life which his family background and education made possible, he went to work in a cotton mill and moved in with a family of mill workers.

JUDGING from the Scales I knew a decade later, his attempted self-bolshevization was never a huge success. He was poorer than many proletarians, but still the incurable egghead. In his modest home, which had evidently been designed to rent to mill workers, every available inch of wall space had been converted to shelves and packed with books and phonograph records, but there was still a considerable overflow which had to be stacked along the floor in the hall. It was a wide-ranging, tasteful and interesting library, by no means limited to Marxism, though that topic was heavily represented. His collection of classical records, astonishing considering the times and his meager resources, was full of fascinating and unexpected bypaths. Many of those who frequented the Scales residence were drawn more by their host's books and records than by his political message. He seemed a man whom nature had obviously designed to be some sort of archivist, librarian or curator, and whose natural bent kept reasserting itself, despite his conscientious efforts to make himself an organizer and a political activist.

Junius' faith in communism was strong, but it was not of the type which destroys everything in its path, like that of the reckless zealot or the self-righteous persecutor. He was not arrogant, or callous, or unaware of the humanity of those who disagreed with him. He was, and is, a person of rare gentleness, as well as deep integrity. True, it was a blind faith, but when was faith or love anything else?

WHEN Khrushchev in 1956 confirmed the reports of Stalinist terror which Scales had loyally disbelieved, his world was jarred off its foundations. His doubts were ended by Hungary but, with John Gates and others, he tried for a few months to reform the Communist Party from within. Then in February, 1957, he gave up and quit. But long before this break he had been indicted un-



der the Smith Act and the wheels thus set in motion ground on regardless. If anything further was needed to complete his re-education, it was supplied by the discovery that the Communist Party does not give or encourage aid to defectors, even when they are being sent to prison for "knowing" membership in the party.

Before he began serving his six-year sentence in Lewisburg, Scales served seven in the limbo to which this country presently condemns its political deviates. So did his rather frail wife, who has a rare blood disease, and his daughter, now ten years old. Only the most menial types of employment were permanently open to him. Most of the time he worked at night as a copyholder. Repeatedly he obtained more desirable jobs only to be released as soon as his identity was discovered. Just as it seemed that he was becoming settled in a thoroughly obscure, harmless and apolitical existence, the Supreme Court finally handed down its decision holding the Smith Act membership clause Constitutional and affirming his conviction.

The ironies of the Scales case do not end here. The same day it affirmed his case, the Supreme Court reversed for insufficient evidence a conviction under the same clause of a man reportedly still active in the party. About six weeks after Scales went to prison, the Department of Justice dropped its membership-clause prosecution against a third man who also reportedly had not defected.

Scales's six-year sentence is apparently the most severe which has ever been awarded under the Smith Act. There has been much complaint about Communists' concealing their views—yet Scales, who never concealed his, was singled out for the harshest treatment. The judge refused to reduce the sentence, despite letters from many prominent members of the North Carolina bar, a North Carolina judge and four members of the convicting jury, urging that he do so. Yet it is generally believed that Scales could have gotten a drastically reduced sentence if he had been willing to play the informer against former associates; indeed, one of the United States Attorneys urged his failure to do so as a principal argument against any reduction of sentence.

With the trial judge's refusal to reduce the sentence and the Supreme Court's affirmance of the conviction, there is no recourse left except an appeal to President Kennedy for executive clemency.

THE Supreme Court's decision upholding the membership clause of the Smith Act is a logical extension of the doctrines and attitudes which have produced a general decline of our civil liberties during the past fifteen years, but it marks a further stage in that decline. The principle of guilt by association has become painfully familiar in loyalty-security proceedings and Congressional investigations, but it is carrying matters a long step further to make it the basis of severe criminal penalties. Yet that is what we do when we permit a person to be sent to prison, not for any acts or statements of his own, but solely for his membership in an organization. Specifying "knowing" membership does not make the matter any different, since such

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"knowledge" is merely an inference which the jury is permitted to draw from the fact of association. And, as Justice Douglas noted in his dissenting opinion:

> Not one single illegal act is charged to petitioner [Scales]. That is why the essence of the crime covered by the indictment is merely belief—belief in the proletarian revolution, belief in the Communist creed.

In this case, by an extraordinary quirk, a man is in prison for a belief which he long ago abandoned. But this must not cause us to lose sight of the fact that, in a country which took seriously the principles we profess to be defending, even present beliefs—Communist or any other kind—would not be punished.

New York *Post* Editor James A. Wechsler wrote in his paper:

> There will be those who say the troubles of the Scales family are only an incident when contrasted with the widespread human uprootings in East Germany and elsewhere. I disagree. It is exactly in a time when so many millions are being capriciously pushed around in the world that a free society should be proclaiming its compassion and its sanity. There has been neither in the Scales case.

Interview with 213 Bank Robbers . . *by David Cort*

WHAT IS WRONG with our society cannot be simple, for we are constantly confronted by new, unexpected and usually unpredicted problems.

One of the latest, according to the FBI, is the disappearance of the old, and the arrival of a brand-new, kind of bank robber. In one form he comes as a nice-looking young amateur who takes relatively small sums at gun point from suburban branch banks, makes his getaway on suburban side roads, and invests his gains carefully, sometimes with the very bank he has just robbed. In another form, he or she stands in line at a crowded metropolitan bank, passes a note indicating that he or she possesses a gun, grenade or container of acid, and disappears into the sidewalk crowd with the collection. The "note-passer" has become a police cliché, and is said to make up 70 per cent of big-city bank robbers. It is often a woman, sometimes a grandmother. These money-desperate mice, so unlike Jesse James, John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, have nevertheless brought the annual totals of bank robberies close to the 1932 record of 740, before the Federal Bank Robbery Statute.

Insurance is, of course, the reason for the bank's vulnerability, just as it is for the automobile driver's recklessness. Neither the bank nor the insurance company is upset by the loss of perhaps $2,000. At the present rate of bank robberies, a given bank will statistically be hit once in thirty-four years. Over that period, the cost of the most obvious precautions would exceed by many times the loss by the eventual stick-up.

The real financial danger for the bank would come from the killing or wounding of a bank customer or employee. The bank's attitude toward the bank robber is put into further perspective by the fact that its own trusted employees will quietly appropriate much more of its assets in any given year than any bold invader.

THERE IS ONLY one thing about hold-ups that bothers bankers. After a bank has been held up, depositors tend to shift their accounts to another bank. The bank seems to acquire a tone of raffishness which somehow offends the customers: it takes on a guilt by association with bank robbers. Customer reaction is no joke to bankers today, and so banks are beginning to take some precautions.

But neither bankers nor the FBI can give us the last word on bank robberies. For such insights in depth, we must go to bank robbers. And fortunately 213 of these experts, now in residence at the Leavenworth (Kansas) Penitentiary, have spoken in a recent issue (Vol. 15, No. 2) of the prison's undergraduate magazine, appropriately named *New Era*. These gentlemen, serving a total of 3,956 years for their views on bank robbery, include both old-style and new-style bank robbers, and we may all take off our hats as we listen to them on Their Subject.

IT IS a fairly shaking experience merely to get as far as the outside of the bank, on the road leading to the bank's doors. After the individual's varied and protracted preparation, his first important step is to get a gun. The fact that he is flushed with power by his gun ought to be a warning; a proud man would immediately throw it down the sewer. But it is agreed that the gun in hand, to both old and new bank robbers, is a marvelous tranquilizer. They like to handle it, and like the sound of the safety-catch snapping. Yet bank robbers as a class do not like killing, and do not often kill.

Secondly, usually after a series of preparatory crimes, the individual begins to see bank robbery as an "important" and self-justifying crime. Pointing a gun at a bank teller seems to this fraternity more significant or glamorous or awe-inspiring than pointing a gun at a storekeeper or paymaster. It seems to have a tragic nobility, very appealing to bank robbers who are nearly always idealists. A bank is centrally tied in to the capitalistic system; it is a symbol, to bank robbers if to nobody else. The setting is more grandiose than most, and to operate on that tiled proscenium, beneath the high ceilings and in the subdued atmosphere, must give the bank robber the momentary feeling that he is a Robber Baron or a Shakespearean actor

DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor. His latest book is The Minstrel Boy *(Macmillan), a novel.*

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on a fatal stage. This awe of banks ought to please bankers; it is merely inverted or turned satirical by the bank robber.

The older bank robbers who told their stories in the Leavenworth self-examination fell into the following types.

The Dreamer: "This phoney, tinselled, hypocritical, half-myth, half-lie existence that some people accepted as a worthwhile way of life. . . . The same intensity of purpose that I had once dedicated towards a worthwhile goal, I [now] dedicated to the gun. I hated everything. . . . I was a fool who expended a great deal of honestly misdirected energy robbing a bunch of hypocrites who were not worth the effort and energy I wasted on them. . . . I was a dreamer."

The Misfit: "I had had over sixty jobs in less than three years, lost them through indifference, fighting, absenteeism, lack of purpose, direction, and a sense of hollowness, that all this had no real meaning, that the world owed me a living. . . . I have felt a deep bitter need for revenge against life itself, especially authority. . . . Quiet desperation. . . . Visions of ecstasy. . . . The three R's: resentment, revenge, restraint."

The Doomed: (Product of a starving, drunken, thieving family and a brutal reform school, he straightforwardly took the only way he knew.) "After all, I wasn't being dishonest. Dishonesty implied deceit, didn't it? I certainly wasn't deceiving anybody when I shoved that pistol in their face."

The Professional: "This is the meaning of armed robbery to a professional stickup man: the robbery is his open rebellion against society, his declaration of denial, scorn and hate. . . . I pity the society of fools who advocate prison reform for my benefit. . . . To a stickup man, God is his gun, and when he forgets this, he's riding for a terrible fall."

The Cannibal: "To me the gun . . . is an end which satisfies all my insatiable drives for domination, power and sexual prowess." (His practice of love-making with a loaded gun lost him all five of his wives, for some odd quirk of womankind he does not understand.) "Nothing short of their complete terror-stricken submission to my power needs could bring me the necessary release of body and mind I was seeking. . . . It's very difficult to explain all the queer, fascinating sensations pounding and surging through me while I'm holding a gun on a victim, watching his body tremble and sweat. . . . I feel like God. . . . Right and wrong are the absolute commands of the man behind the gun. . . . It is like suddenly coming to the meaning of everything and you grasp this tremendous insight into absolute truth. . . . It was not uncommon for me to leave and forget the money. . . . My life has been saturated in envy and hatred of the accomplishments of others. . . . I've often thought that I would have made a great leader, with the ingenuity to introduce social astonishments as outrageous and fantastic as any conceived by great rulers."

This last impulse-boast deserves serious thought as defining the "greatness" of despots as that of inventing "social astonishments," whether useful or ruinous, and as relating the all-out criminal brain to the thinking of these celebrated and ill-remembered names. "Social astonishments" is a phrase that would have delighted Machiavelli. I pray that this is not the last that will be heard of it. The name of its author is given as James M., still a mute inglorious tyrant of the world.

SO MUCH for the old bank robbers. It seems to be true that they are no longer at work. The probability is that their type has died out, retired or gone into other lines of criminal endeavor.

The new bank robbers deposed as follows:

The Nice Guy: A good factory worker, he liked "the little things, like a can of cool beer, a swim in the ocean, a walk in the park, any show I wanted to see." To finance a marriage to a nice girl, he joined two neighborhood thieves. "I had been shy with girls before, but now I felt adequate and secure. I also didn't want to get married. . . . I sure miss the small things in life while I sit in this new stone home of mine."

The Proud Boy: "That night in that orderly room was just a little too much for me, and before I finished with one sergeant and two corporals, I believe I made believers out of them." AWOL from then on, he found sanctuary in whorehouses, and his living with the gun for fifteen years. "I had too much pride to go crawling back. . . . A man has to recognize something in the mirror he can respect. . . . When I look in the mirror, I see a reflection I can respect. . . . Today — to put it mildly — I am just a little bitter. . . . I've gone too far one way and I don't believe I have enough time left to get half-back to where I veered off fifteen years ago."

The Comer: "I became an advertising account executive at twenty-five. . . . I even headed the Juvenile Delinquency Prevention Week committee of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. . . . The real central datum of my life is thirty years of controlled systematic hatred . . . an unlimited, non-specific hatred of society. I do not hate individuals or certain groups or strata." At twenty-nine, he was senselessly beaten up by two policemen, and threatened with reprisals should he sue the city. He thereupon robbed three banks in a month. "I'm not sorry."

The "note-passers," specifically the women, are of course not at Leavenworth.

THE NEW bank robbers seem to agree that robbing a bank is not a particularly big deal, but only an unconventional and potentially embarrassing way of putting one's personal books in order. And yet, if one tries to put oneself in the situation, one sees that bank robbery is a conspicuous, anti-social, revolutionary act,

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Wrapping Up Some Unfinished Business . .

Months, sometimes years, after we have printed a story in The Nation, *a reader will write to ask: "What's happened since?" Normally, space limitations and the constant pressure of "new" stories make it impossible for us to keep readers up to date on articles which have already appeared. But year's end seems a good time to try — at least in summary form, with a few fairly recent stories that, judging by mail, attracted special interest.*—ED.

'Cities Into Targets'
(May 21, 1960)

In this article, James E. McDonald, Senior Physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics of the University of Arizona, warned that the Air Force policy of siting ICBM bases in a ring around cities would, in case of war, "turn cities into targets" for enemy attack. He stressed the danger to Tucson, Arizona, presented by ICBM launchers to be built upwind from the city, multiplying fallout hazards.

Since his *Nation* article, Mr. McDonald has continued his campaign against this siting policy in speeches, articles in the local press and in a flood of scientific data sent to the competent authorities in Washington. Last month, Mr. McDonald learned that the Air Force has officially acknowledged that his analyses of the hazards created by the policy were accurate. Unhappily, this turns out to be no more than a *succès d'estime* for the physicist; construction of the ICBM bases around Tucson and other cities has gone beyond the point of no return.

'Murder One'
(September 17, 1960)

Richard Harris' engrossing report in depth of a "routine" New York murder case ended in a jury verdict of first-degree murder against the two defendants — a verdict which shocked even the presiding judge, Nathan R. Sobel, who subsequently commented: "I just don't believe those poor devils should go to the chair." An appeal was taken and the New York State Court of Appeals reversed the conviction, 5 to 2, sending the case back for a new trial scheduled to begin shortly. Three of the appellate judges held that James Noble, one of the defendants, had been illegally deprived of counsel at one stage in the proceedings; two others held that Noble's confession, read in court, had not been voluntary. Since the case against Ella Barber, the co-defendant, hinged on Noble's part, she too gets a new trial.

'Connecticut's One-Man Posse'
(June 3, 1961)

E. J. McCallum, Jr., head of the Citizens' Anti-Communist Committee, seems to have survived Herbert Krosney's article about him — but barely. In contrast to last spring, when the committee was picketing just about everyone in Connecticut who didn't agree with it, its activities have diminished considerably. Mr. McCallum did lead his outfit into a legal war against the showing of an Arthur Miller play which was presented one Sunday at the First Congregational Church in Milford, charging violation of the state's blue laws. The court threw out the case.

'The Treaty We Broke'
(September 2, 1961)

Walter Taylor, national representative of the American Indian Program of the American Friends Service Committee, told in this story of the determination of the Army Corps of Engineers to build a high dam at Kinzua, Pennsylvania, despite the fact that (1) the backed-up waters would flood the land of the Seneca Indians, preserved for them by treaty and (2) an alternative site was available which, in the opinion of Arthur E. Morgan, first chairman of TVA, could be developed with less expense and more efficient results. The Kinzua project had already been approved by Congress, and the only hope was Presidential intervention. This has not been forthcoming. But the gallant fight put up by the Seneca Indians and their supporters, including Mr. Taylor, led President Kennedy to write to Basil Williams, President of the Seneca Nation: "I have directed the departments and agencies of the Federal Government to take every action within their authority to assist the Seneca Nation and its members who must be relocated in adjusting to the new situation."

'The Legion Invades a Campus'
(September 9, 1961)

When a handful of faculty members at the State University in Brockport, N.Y., signed a petition calling for the dissolution of the Un-American Activities Committee, a nearby American Legion Post instigated a police probe of the campus. Edward Cain, one of the signers of the petition, described what happened for *Nation* readers with appropriate indignation, but also with great good humor. Since, then, Mr. Cain reports, the Buffalo chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has sent two letters to Francis S. McGarvey, Superintendent of the New York State Police, asking an explanation for the probe (no answer); the American Association of University Professors has written to the Governor's office asking for an explanation of policy in regard to the political activities of state university faculties (the answer, in Mr. Cain's words, was "evasive . . . unsatisfactory"). But for Mr. Cain, the whole affair has had a happy ending; attracted by his article for *The Nation*, Macmillan has asked him to write a book.

'Law and the Sit-Ins'
(November 4, 1961)

William Kunstler, special counsel for CORE, here dealt with attempts of Southern states to by-pass anti-segregation court decisions by the use of gimmicks like "breach of the peace" and "trespass" statutes. Mr. Kunstler prophesied these would fail; in particular, he stated his belief that the U.S. Supreme Court would overturn the conviction of sixteen Negro sit-ins charged with "breach of the peace" in Louisiana. On December 11, the Court did overturn the conviction — and by unanimous vote. There still remain the question of "trespass" — the right of a private business owner to serve only whom he chooses to serve — and the broader Constitutional questions of freedom of expression and of equal protection under law. These must still be settled.

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. . . the Editors

'The Armed Superpatriots'
(November 11, 1961)

Nothing gratifies an editor more than an exposé type of story that yields direct and measurable results. Such was the exposé by Peter W. Salsich, Jr., of the Illinois branch of the Minutemen, an organization of superpatriots dedicated to the thesis that the only way to save America from communism is to cache arms and practice guerrilla warfare in the countryside. Ronald L. Barnard, a Chicago attorney, read the article in *The Nation* and promptly wrote a letter to Illinois' Governor Otto Kerner, citing an 1879 statute (originally aimed at anarchists) which forbids civilians "to associate themselves together as a military company or organization, to drill or parade with arms. . . ." Governor Kerner promptly launched an investigation of the Minutemen in Illinois that is still in progress.

This affair illustrates perfectly the role that a dynamic magazine with an alert readership can play. Before writing his article for *The Nation*, Mr. Salsich had written about the Minutemen for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Nothing happened. But his version for this magazine, read by an alert reader, brought about not only an official investigation, but also a sudden splurge of interest in the subject on the part of the Chicago and New York press.

'Britain's Guerrillas-for-Peace'
(December 16, 1961)

James D. Garst's moving account of the peace movement in Britain, and especially of the "sit-down" activities of the Committee of 100, was written on the eve of a scheduled peace demonstration aimed at three U.S. air bases in Britain and a number of provincial cities. The results of the demonstrations are now in. With bad weather cutting down their numbers, the 700 demonstrators who showed up at the Wethersfield air base found themselves faced with 5,000 men of an RAF regiment, 850 policemen, twelve dogs and two helicopters. Fifty demonstrators were arrested. At Brize Norton and Ruislip, the demonstrators faced similar odds. In all, more than 4,000 were jailed. Demonstrations in the provincial cities went off quietly.

(Continued from page 531)

a short-cut so short as to amount to a generalized explosion against society.

The old bank robbers knew this; they were exhilarated by the fact. The Professional quoted above says of the new people, "I've never been able to take this postwar crop of bank robbers seriously.... [No] pride in their work. . . . [They] will admit that the purpose behind their jobs was to get enough money to set themselves up in some manner where they could look forward to a secure future and social acceptance. . . . I found it hard to keep from laughing. . . . They actually think that after seven or eight years, society is going to forgive them. . . . This bunch of amateur bank robbers are suffering from no more than the aftermath of World War II and Korea; they are confused, disgusted and bitter."

A STATISTICAL survey of the 213 bank robbers in the Leavenworth magazine generally confirms the Professional's opinion. It has the usual defect of averaging out old and new types, pigs and pitchforks. However, the majority make up a fairly superior, amiable and good-looking (judging from their photographs) group of American citizens. The last four editors of the magazine have been bank robbers; one supervisor always picks his secretary from their ranks and finds them "loyal, industrious, dependable and efficient." (Only don't frustrate them.) Over half are veterans of World War II or Korea, and of these over half had sergeant's rank or better, though there were no generals. Seventy-four per cent thought they came from normal homes; the same percentage had never found alcohol a problem; only 13 per cent had ever used narcotics. Their wives had divorced them twenty-three months (average) after they were jailed.

The editors had to notice that first offenders generally had the longer sentences; habitual criminals the lesser; and had to ponder on this brutal and cynical sadism of American judges. They also noted that bank robbers are punished five times as severely as bank embezzlers. Possibly in consequence, 42.5 per cent reject "the American way of life," which they regard as "a materialistic rat race." Those who accept the American way of life thought that it offered the world's finest opportunity to a thief.

In their reading, bank robbers avoid adventure magazines and science fiction. Their writing is often heavy with academic jargon, such as "meaningful" and "recidivist." Semantics is the favorite subject of many, taking it as the science of proving that nothing that can be said is true. This is just what convicts want to hear, since their lives have been ruined on one little immutable fact. Anyone who thinks he is "far out" ought to read a penitentiary magazine; he will begin to see how far in he is.

The new kind of bank robber is a recognizable human being. He was raised in a world of John Dewey relativism, where nothing is absolutely good or absolutely bad, and there is an acceptable rationale for almost any misbehavior. Gone are the terrible old black-and-white hatreds and tragedies, to be replaced by a gray world in which cheating, embezzlement and armed robbery are all pretty much the same.

The old bank robbers knew they were bad, and wanted to be bad, or they saw themselves as a lone virtue in a bad society, which they would salvage. The old generation felt different from respectable people; the new generation thinks it is the same as all the others, who haven't yet been tempted or caught. The old generation admired somebody; the new admires nobody. The old generation may have been tragic; the new is simply unlucky. Progress as usual becomes an exchange of one set of evils for a new, and unexpected, set. And so we have about as many bank robberies as in the Dillinger era, when the old evils were in full flower, and a bad man was as bad as he knew how to be.

The old bank robbers probably had one advantage over the new ones: they were aware of the Ten Commandments. The violation of a Commandment ought to be accompanied by some degree of dread and guilt, unless one has never even heard of it. In that case the punishment will make one very bitter.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Flavor of Turnips

Yuri Nagibin

The following essay, by one of the most noted of the present-day Soviet fiction writers, has come to us from Moscow. It is in reality a letter to the editor, though much longer than those we normally publish. However, Mr. Nagibin's detailed and thoughtful response to a literary article published in The Nation *gives such insight into the motives and the social and artistic orientation of at least one contemporary Russian writer that we believe our readers will want to read it in full.*

"Dogma and Roses: Russian Letters," the essay by Sidney Monas which Mr. Nagibin discusses, was published in the issue of July 29.

TOURISM disposes one toward giddy light-heartedness. Viewing a foreign land on the run, from the window of your bus, you get a host of motley, hazy and contradictory impressions. You might imagine you'd grasped the main character, even in its most general aspect, that you'd formed an unbiased and true idea of the foreign country and people you'd seen, but all that is self-delusion. There is nothing more conventional, subjective and unauthentic than a tourist's impressions. No wonder most people regard tourists as superficial observers, whose travel stories are to be taken with a pinch of salt.

But Sidney Monas, a member of the Smith College faculty, did not visit the Soviet Union as a "flying" tourist. He spent all of two months in our country, staying in Moscow and Leningrad, meeting many of our Soviet citizens, and even becoming friends with some of them. Sidney Monas is conversant with Russian history. He is the author of *Third Section: Police and Society in Russia under Nicholas I*, and is now working on a fundamental study of the image of the family in Russian literature. His "Dogma and Roses: Russian Letters," therefore, tends to dispose the reader to a trustful and serious perusal. That is why it cannot be left unanswered.

The article begins with the blank statement that "Moscow is a heavy, ugly city, with a boiled-turnip flavor."

I have no intention of arguing the point with Sidney Monas. If he says it's turnip, it's turnip. He probably knows more about its flavor than I, for after living forty-one years in Moscow, I have to admit I've never smelled a boiled turnip, nor seen any dishes of this vegetable in any of our restaurants and dining rooms, let alone at the houses of my numerous acquaintances. Turnip does not happen to be favored by the Moscovite's palate and since I'm unfamiliar with its flavor, I might easily err when judging the smells of our streets.

What vexed me, putting it mildly, was something else. After reading "Russian Letters," I was sorry to find that the boiled-turnip flavor was the key to Sidney Monas' article. No matter what he touched upon — literature, the theatre, the cinema, our ancient cathedrals or our bookshops — you felt he was looking for one thing only — boiled turnip — and that he always found it where it simply could not exist.

CONSIDERABLE space is given to Soviet fiction, and to me, as a writer, in particular.

I wish to stress here that my reply is not motivated by insulted literary prestige. Sidney Monas considers me and my good friends Y. Kazakov, V. Nekrasov, Y. Yevtushenko and V. Voznesensky the "hope" of Soviet literature. Citing my story (or to be more exact, only two paragraphs of it) as a deplorable example, he says he is talking about "the best and most serious new fiction, with its interest in the private, the psychological, the problematic, the irresoluble." In short, if the matter lay with me alone, I should thank Sidney Monas from the bottom of my heart for so generous an appraisal. But the matter lies not only with me. That is why I find it necessary to defend myself from both the criticism and praises of Sidney Monas.

What he considers fundamentally wrong with our modern Soviet literature is the "futurization" of reality, i.e., the replacement of the present with the future. He calls glimpses into the future "a dreamy optimism," a sentimental toying with the future for the sake of dressing up our grim present.

This is how he illustrates his idea:

> Here is a passage from a short story, "Before the Holiday," by Yuri Nagibin. An old man is listening to evening sounds in a village he visits annually:
>
> "When he had come here for the first time eight years ago, the painful silence and emptiness of the small, poor settlement, squeezed between the river and the peat bog, had struck him. Then, peat had been mined only for the needs of the neighboring town. Pitiful and lost, the whistle of the peat monkey-engine had sounded only twice a day. Impassable roads had frightened off would-be fishermen. Visitors almost never came. . . . Few of the villagers owned cows. Only very rarely, as though to remind people that there

Getting up Early

I am up early. The box-elder leaves have fallen.
The Eastern sky is the color of March.
The sky has spread out over the world like water.
The bootlegger and his wife are still asleep.

I saw the light first from the barn well.
The cold water fell into the night-chilled buckets,
Deepening to the somber blue of the Southern sky.
Over the new trees, there was a strange light in the East.

The light was dawn. Like a man who has come home
After seeing many dark rivers, and will soon go again,
The dawn stood there with a quiet gaze;
Our eyes met through the top leaves of the young ash.

Now dawn has come. The clouds floating in the East have turned white.
The fence posts have stopped being a part of the darkness.
The depth has disappeared from the puddles on the ground.
I look up angrily at the light.

Robert Bly

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was such a thing as music in the world, some drunk, staggering along the railroad tracks, strummed a balalaika. Now, however, the highway sang its song, the river sang, the peat-works which spread to the horizon sang, music itself sang, the bells of a sleek cattle sang a milk song, and all these harmonized in the common song of the villagers' new day. . . .

"The children of this little settlement surrounded by swamps and forests had the future on their shoulders. They would be masters of that amazing age he would no longer see. He sensed this in everything: the absorbing passion with which Vitka polished the car; Kolka's fierce participation in the great tasks of mankind, from tracing primitive remains to launching rockets at the moon; and that sharp and sensitive variousness with which Natasha took life on. . . ."

"This passage," writes Monas, "has intruded itself upon a sensitive story which is essentially about a girl's coming of age. Lest the humor and sadness of the girl's experience seem either too painful or too trivial, the author dissolves it in a rosy projection of ever-increasing Socialist prosperity. This 'futurization' of literature is not so crude as 'propaganda' in the old sense of Stalin's time, but it obviously serves the purposes of propaganda. To what extent it is imposed from above, or is the result of audience demand, or a weakness of writers themselves, a failure of nerve, is difficult to judge. No doubt, all three influences are at work."

Having chosen my story "Before the Holiday" to drive his point home, S. Monas alleges that "the author dissolves" the humor and sadness of the girl's experience "in a rosy projection of ever-increasing Socialist prosperity." This is a truly strange remark! For my story contains 10,000 words while the passage cited contains only 250-300 words. Furthermore, the first paragraph of the passage speaks not of the future but of the present, not of what will happen, but of what we have today. You must agree, it is really hard to dissolve the whole content of the story in a tiny passage. But this is by the way.

An unbiased eye might see something else in the quoted passage. From the context of the story it is evident that the elderly engineer observing the night life of the village is none other than the author himself. That is true. I went fishing for eight years in a row to the little village lost in the bog, and for a long time was given to feel its poverty and desolation, the scanty quietness of its life. Then, after a long interval, I went there again and saw what a sharp change the place had undergone for the better. I saw how buoyant the people whom I had grown to love had become. Hence my desire to write about them, to rejoice with my readers over the fact that on a certain spot of our much-suffering planet there was less grief, scarcity, need and other human adversities.

When the story was printed in the *Znamya* magazine, Vadim Kozhevnikovits, chief editor, an experienced novelist, told me:

"I'd take that bit out, if I were you. It's superficial and only retards the action."

"Perhaps you're right, but I wanted to say a kind word for Usolye with which I was bound for so many years."

"Well, as you like. . . ."

I hope Sidney Monas will credit my above reference to Vadim Kozhevnikovits, just as I credit the nameless "student friend" he refers to at the end of his article. The chief editor of a magazine is the only person "from above" who can give the author any recommendations. As you see, the recommendations were directly opposed to those of which Sidney Monas speaks, and the author did not follow them. Nobody in our country can boss a writer, neither from above, nor from below.

BUT what bothers me most is that I cannot understand what made Sidney Monas see anything corrupting, any "futurization" and "propaganda" in my speculations about children, cited by him. All normal people of the world base their hopes of better things to come on children. It is, indeed, a tradition of the human heart, a tradition of classical literature, a tradition of Western literature as well. Even a cynic, believing neither in God nor in Satan, like Louis-Ferdinand Céline, drew the line with regard to children. In his *Journey to the End of Night* he wrote of the pain one suffered at the death of a child: "there was always the hope that it would not have grown up to be such a stinker as yourself. . . ."

I don't know about Sidney Monas, but if I did not believe in children, in their future, I simply could not live.

Faith in the future is to be found not only in the books of the authors whom Sidney Monas has studiedly qualified as the "hope" of Soviet literature, but also in the stories of other Soviet writers. In what way are they divorced from reality? Soviet writers are bound up

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with the life and concerns of their people, their people's work, struggles, sorrows and joys and, of course, hopes, dreams and aspirations. How can we fail to believe in the future — we, before whose very eyes backward Czarist Russia turned into a mighty industrial power of the world, marching in the vanguard of technical progress? How can we fail to believe in the future — we, who were born in an agrarian country, and reached our prime in a mighty industrial power which has surpassed even the strongest of capitalist countries, the United States, in a number of fields of science and engineering? How can we fail to believe in the future — we who are literally reaching for the stars? We, who are accustomed to clothe our dreams of the future in the terse formulas of plans, and then to make them come true, one by one? We have made so much of the "future" the present that our relations with the future are intimate. That is why the new Program of the CPSU has aroused so warm, so lively and interested a response throughout the Soviet Union.

The Russian saying, "Better a tomtit in the hand than a hawk in the sky," is obsolete with us now. We want the tomtit in our hand and the hawk in the sky. When there's only a tomtit, and no hawk in sight, a situation arises similar to that in Sweden, which boasts the highest standard of living, but also holds first place in the number of suicides.

HOW do we feature our enthusiastic expectations of the future in Soviet literature? Of course, not by means of replacing descriptions of the present with beatific dreaming, as Sidney Monas will have us believe. No, the desire to bring the future closer makes Soviet writers intolerant of the shortcomings of our present life. A critical attitude permeates the entire work of all the above-mentioned writers, and the younger authors as well. It is impossible, in general, to name a single Soviet author who lacks such an attitude. But our writers do not limit themselves to a statement of the shortcomings; they try to find ways for their elimination, they are active in their attitude toward reality.

Faith in the future has delivered us from dejection, let alone hopelessness, which many in the West consider an indication of good literary taste. We don't know hopelessness, and don't regret it. We are not afraid of rejoicing over all the good things that are happening to us, and need not bother to apologize for our optimism. That's something we've plenty of, thank goodness.

Wishing to stress that our Soviet writers are allegedly trying to by-pass a truthful and sober account of the present, Sidney Monas has invented the theory of their gravitation toward Russia's past. But that is also untrue! The place taken by our historical literature is now very insignificant, and one of the reasons for that is our writers' heightened interest in the present. It is indicative that Sidney Monas prefers to leave his theory unsubstantiated by facts and references to definite books, their editions, circulation, etc.

He writes:

> The distant past is the object of intense, if somewhat antiquarian interest, but the immedate past receives less attention. The questioning of many if not all aspects of Stalinism, the manifest hunger for self-expression, the sturdy claims for private autonomy and nonconformity, the interest in private life as such — so violently infringed upon by the totalitarian state — these things colored more than a few Russian books that appeared between 1954 and 1956, lent them an excitement Soviet literature had not possessed for a long time. The questions that were asked in 1956 are still being asked, but they seem now to have become rhetorical.

What, then, is Soviet literature guilty of? Of passionately reacting to the exposure of the Stalin personality cult and helping to eliminate the remnants of the grimmest period of Soviet life, as Monas claims, or of having ceased to regard this as its main task today? Obviously, the latter is true. But Soviet literature is not a cow to keep chewing its cud without end. Life, swift, changeable, has engendered other, new tasks of greater urgency and interest. That does not mean that if, for reasons of his own, one or another author still wishes to linger, mentally or emotionally, in the bitter past experienced by his people, he will be stopped from writing about it. That is how the script and film, *Clear Sky*, and Victor Nekrasov's story, and some other works appeared. But literature as a whole has moved on.

SIDNEY MONAS returned once again to the subject of Soviet literature in connection with the success Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* has had with Soviet readers. Aye, the book of the American author, heretofore unknown in the Soviet Union, has found favor with some. It is also favored by Americans. But the perspicacious Sidney Monas sees in this not a matter of broad taste, not a quick response to every new, fresh word, but something entirely different, serving the purpose of defaming the Soviet system and Soviet literature. Here again I am forced to cite a lengthy excerpt from "Russian Letters":

> What can a Soviet citizen make of *The Catcher in the Rye* or "To Esme, with Love and Squalor"? For one thing, Russians tend to be sentimental about innocence, and the "myth of childhood" appeals to them. Though the context may seem remote and exotic, the poignant attempts of Salinger's children and childlike heroes to establish honest relationships in a thoroughly dishonest, routinized, time-serving world are by no means foreign or unsympathetic to the Soviet reader. The "phony" is the enemy of youth, in the Soviet Union as elsewhere. And people feel deeply (if vaguely and inarticulately) the encroachment of empty, hypocritical, formulaic modes of language and behavior on their most cherished, most intimate relations. . . .
>
> Whether or not Salinger has influenced them, a number of recent Soviet writers and poets have shared his characteristic concerns. Yuri Nagibin who, like Salinger, writes best about children and adolescents, recently published a story called "Echo," in which a boy betrays a deep and innocent relationship by yielding to a conventional view of it. Victor Nekrasov in his war stories, Yuri Kazakov in his prose sketches, Yevtushenko and Andrei Voznesensky in their poems, vibrate with a common concern for sincerity and dramatize the difficulties of communication. In a literature that is darkened by rhetoric, crude nineteenth-century psychologizing, and above all by that corrupting sentimentality of the future, these are the brightest tokens; the hope.

Personally, I do not share my countymen's predilection for *The Catcher in the Rye*. I found the manner of storytelling borrowed, rather than strange and exotic: a rejuvenated Louis-Ferdinand Céline, no less. I wrote "Echo" long before reading any of Salinger's books, and my story treats of an entirely different subject. It is about the beauty of the heart's generosity, and not about any loss of sincerity in communication, as Sidney Monas maintains. I have been searching my

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memory in vain to recall any essays by Kazakov and stories by Nekrasov in which the Salinger theme is treated in the spirit of Monas' comments. As for difficulties of communication, what writer can avoid those? Literature, as such, itself stems from the difficulties of communication. Not only Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, but poets of all times and nations have fought for sincerity of feelings. Why assume, therefore, that Salinger lit the flame of sacred restlessness in the hearts of our young poets?

MONAS also mentions the Soviet stage. He picks *The Irkutsk Story* to pieces, comparing it to Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. I have nothing to say about that: if Thornton Wilder's play is really like *The Irkutsk Story*, I'll certainly refrain from seeing it if I happen to visit New York.

But when he analyzes Vera Panova's *Farewells to White Nights*, he is once again, strangely enough, assailed by the smell of "boiled turnip." He waxes indignant at the fact that the heroine, who has had some dramatic turns in her life, is advised to leave the city for the virgin lands. This gives him grounds to say that Panova's play is "unscrupulous." Can it be that he does not know there are periods in the life of big nations when a certain geographic point becomes a kind of poetic center that draws the hopes of a nation, the aspirations of the youth, the interest of writers and poets? In America's history this center was the Klondike, and here in the Soviet Union it is the virgin lands, with the only difference that the mad gold rush and ensuing gangsterism of the Klondike, and the bloody ruthlessness of colonialism on the offensive, are absent in the virgin-land districts. Jack London was thrilled by Smoke Bellew and other young men who found the courage to leave town with all its creature comforts for a turbulent life of struggle and risk. Why deny Soviet authors the right that is the prerogative of all writers of the world? The virgin lands are an excellent school of life for the Soviet youth. True, nobody can get fabulously rich there, nor can anybody be ruined. Instead the young people are able to test their acumen, will and courage there, to acquire a profession, skill, the ability to overcome difficulties. They find themselves and their loves there. Where does Monas' "didactic attitude" come in, when everything is so very simple and easily explained?

But such is Sidney Monas' method that in every, even the most positive, phenomenon he has to see a reverse, dark meaning. Sometimes it borders on the ludicrous. For instance, in giving the people of Moscow credit for their love for books, for the printed word, he adds:

"A new book of poems by Yevtushenko, the *enfant terrible* of the thaw and darling of the bobby-soxers, may be printed in 30,000 copies and sold out in three days." The moment Monas cites Yevtushenko as a positive example, the "hope" of Soviet literature is resolved into an "*enfant terrible*," a "darling of the bobby-soxers." But why only "bobby-soxers"? I know Yevtushenko well and can confidently say he is favored by full-blown women as well. The *enfant terrible* will soon be thirty, by the way!

What can be better than an artist's independence? Monas, agreeing, through clenched teeth, that the Soviet authors possess this independence, nevertheless declares it a "pose, more or less expected of young writers." The boiled turnip again!

Sidney Monas is charmed by Sergei Obraztsov's puppet theatre. Why can't he say so simply, or with emotion, without trying to pollute his statement with slanderous cant? That, however, is asking too much of the author of the "Russian Letters":

". . . the master illusionist has been drawing people into his puppet world for more than twenty years. Perhaps because puppetry may seem to bureaucrats a minor art, perhaps because it is difficult even for a bureaucrat to resist his charm, he has survived unscathed."

The uninitiated might gather from this that Obraztsov's was the only theatre that survived in Moscow. But what about those celebrated artists of the Moscow Art Theatre: Leonidov, Moskvin, Kachalov, Tarkhanov, Knipper-Chekhova; or the unique tragedienne, A. Koonen, or the brilliant eccentric actors, S. Martinson and E. Garin? How had their talents managed to flourish under the aegis of the cryptic bureaucratic regime?

Sidney Monas disturbs the late Eugene Schwartz in the grave for the sole purpose of saying a lot of nonsense about him. According to Monas, the popular and highly esteemed fairy-tale playwright had led the bitter life of a

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François Villon, and was recognized only after his death. Not altogether even then, for it appears that neither *The Snow Queen* nor *The Emperor's Clothes* was "entirely successful." Strange as it may seem, I am still waiting for a chance to get a ticket to a performance of *The Emperor's Clothes*. *The Snow Queen*, first staged before the war, is running to full houses to this very day. How many children's tears were shed for the same reason that I was unable to see Schwartz's play at the Sovremennik Theatre! And what about the success of the first production of *Shadows*, or the film *Cinderella* or the post-war performances of *An Ordinary Miracle*? I saw Eugene Schwartz at his summer home shortly before his death and found him the soul of cheer and happiness. What can be more precious to the artist than the knowledge that he is appreciated? Schwartz was highly appreciated by grownups and children alike, and he was well aware of it.

Even stage director Akimov, whom Sydney Monas qualifies as a genius, is given a parting shot of turnip flavor. It appears that Akimov is able to work full blast only because "the rumor is that word has gone down — Akimov is not to be touched." I hope Akimov will not take that profound statement as a guarantee against possible criticism of his new production.

LOADS of nonsense, libel and outright slander have been written about the Soviet Union, the Soviet people and Soviet literature. We are not surprised by that. And we are seldom piqued to the point of bothering to reply. Recently Gibian [A name unknown to us.—*Editors*], America's sensational literary expert, published a long article whose subtitle announced that "Yuri Nagibin has turned his back on Soviet power." That only made us laugh. It never occurred to me to refute Gibian's twaddle, just as it would never have occurred to me to denounce a neon advertisement lauding a highly unsavory concoction. But Sidney Monas is another matter. His training, erudition and long stay in the Soviet Union, his pretense of objectivity that is capable of leading trustful people astray, force me to react to the reams of balderdash he has printed in his article. In our days of tenseness every sincere, honest, truthful word about one another is of tremendous importance. Sidney Monas could have said such a word, but he preferred not to. He sacrificed everything — spontaneity of impressions, the gift of sharp characterization and formulation — to the newsman's God of the Gab and prejudiced opinions and tastes. He could have dispersed the mist, but he only made it thicker. I won't try to judge "to what extent it is imposed from above, or is the result of audience demand, or a weakness of the writer, a failure of nerve. . . ." I merely deplore and regret the fact.

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Unbalanced Terror

THE BALANCE OF TERROR. By Pierre Gallois. Houghton Mifflin Co. 234 pp. $4.

Amitai Etzioni

A RETIRED French general has produced a French version of Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War*. Gallois believes in deterrence, though he calls it "dissuasion." If each of two powers holds a nuclear club over the other's head, it ceases to make sense for either of them to use it. Nuclear disaster will occur if one side appears to be weak, either because he has a smaller club or because he seems unlikely to have the "resolve" to use it. Production of nuclear weapons should hence not be inhibited but encouraged, especially by peace-loving people. In this scheme the greatest danger lies in disarmament. For if disarmament occurred, the power that hid nuclear bombs, or constructed them after a conventional war had begun (assuming nuclear disarmament only), would be able to destroy the other.

The general leaves unanswered the following questions:

(a) How to establish credibility? The only way to establish surely that you are "capable" of using nuclear bombs in face of limited provocation (which is the typical threat) is to drop such bombs on the enemy. But then you are repaid in kind, and that is the end of dissuasion — and those who believe in it. Other efforts to establish credibility, such as a "firm" declaration by the President, the positioning of nuclear-armed troops, etc., have been used so often before, for "bluff" purposes, that such moves have lost whatever "validation" value they may ever have had.

(b) The strategy assumes rational behavior on all sides, as Raymond Aron emphasized in a brilliant preface to Gallois' book. But since when do political leaders, especially in situations of international stress, act rationally? Being rational most of the time would not suffice; *all* leaders would have to be rational *all* of the time.

(c) But even if credibility were complete and self-control perfect on all sides, they would not be enough. Gallois, like Kahn, has little room in his neat scheme for a major technological breakthrough. Dissuasion requires command over an effective retaliation power, but both the U.S. and the USSR are working day and night on anti-missile missiles. Both powers have solved the problem in principle, but (as far as a layman can tell) have not yet produced an effective test model,* not to speak of mass-producing such missiles. What happens if one side comes up with an effective anti-missile defense before the other does? Why should it not "rationally" bomb the other and shoot down the retaliatory force? I have never heard or read any answer to these questions by any supporter of the "balance of terror," including this one.

One major difference between the French and American Kahns concerns the desirability of spreading nuclear arms to more nations. Curiously, on strictly military-strategic grounds, both of them reach the conclusions that their respective state departments have reached long ago and on quite different grounds. The United States has long attempted to maintain the special power and status that come with nuclear monopoly in the West. It has discouraged France and other countries from producing bombs; American law forbids granting nuclear arms or know-how to other countries. While there have been many changes of line, the American policy in general favors a conventional NATO force to check a conventional Russian attack on Europe, with the atomic armory of the United States

AMITAI ETZIONI, author of the forthcoming The Hard Way to Peace *(Collier Books), teaches in the Sociology Department, University of California.*

*The first successful shot of the American Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile took place on November 16, but it was not aimed at a missile target.

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protecting Europe from a nuclear attack. Kahn emphasizes the danger of spreading nuclear weapons to many countries.

De Gaulle's France has built some nuclear bombs, in a desperate bid for national grandeur, an independent forming of foreign policy, and big-power status, to the dismay of many neutral nations and the displeasure of the United States. France also finds that nuclear forces are less expensive than conventional ones. Gallois thinks a conventional build-up unnecessary, and many countries with nuclear bombs the best policy for each country and for global peace.

A major build-up of conventional arms becomes unnecessary under the "balance of terror" system, since limited wars will also be unthinkable. Surely, the French general says, all nations will realize the danger of escalation. But the major source of safety, peace and tranquillity lies in what everyone else until now has considered a major threat: the arming of a large number of nations with nuclear weapons. At the moment, the ability of France to deter a Communist nuclear attack depends on the Russian belief that the United States would counter such an attack. This, Gallois points out, is less than likely. As the bombs are perfected, the United States would have to risk annihilation in order to avenge an ally. Nations can hardly be relied upon to commit suicide. Thus, France needs a nuclear force of its own.

The general draws the conclusion that may be logical for a patriotic Frenchman, but as I see it, the reverse argument is more persuasive. As more countries are armed with nuclear bombs, it becomes more likely that there will be *one* irrational leader who *will* swing his club; more likely that nuclear accidents might occur; more impossible to determine whose bomb it was that hit you. (Was Paris hit from Russia, Algeria or the rebelling French Army?)

THE general is aware of the difference between a country with some nuclear bombs and a nuclear power. The latter status requires a large enough supply of bombs, bombers, missiles, sites, etc., to make certain that the nuclear strike can be "delivered," and to assure a "net" retaliatory power *after* a surprise attack. But the general feels that even if a country is known to have only a few nuclear weapons, even if France can "take" only a few Russian cities in retaliation for its own annihilation, it will present sufficient dissuasion. It is here that Gallois loses me completely. The Russians might not want to attack France at all, hoping to take it from within. They might feel they ought to concentrate on major targets, especially the United States. But if for some reason they care to attack France first, will the destruction of some of their cities stop them? Moreover, I am much less sure than the general that most countries would trade annihilation for limited retaliation; and, in particular, I am not sure that the French would do so. After all, they did not decide for annihilation in 1871 or 1939. France's contribution to world peace and its path to national grandeur, as well as safety, surely lies not in increasing the population of bombs and the imbalance of terror.

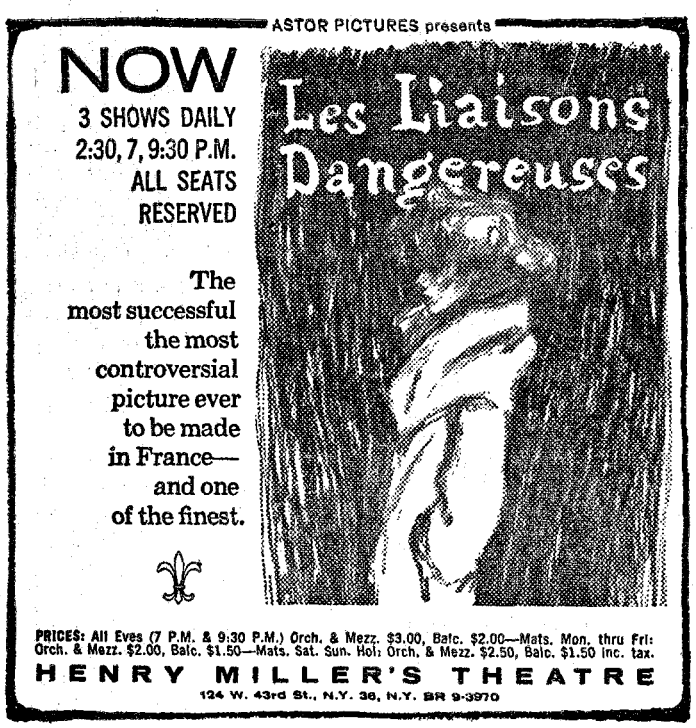
LETTER from LONDON

George P. Elliott

JOHN OSBORNE'S *Luther* has caused a certain stir in London for a number of reasons. Unfortunately, the play itself is not the most important of these reasons. For one thing, it seems to have been hoisted into public attention by its author's capacity for getting himself talked about in the papers as much as by its own dramatic power. Within a few weeks' time, recently, the front pages reported that he wrote an England-I-hate-you public letter, demonstrated publicly against the H-bomb, and made adulterous arrangements, if not publicly, at least publicitously. No doubt this self-conscious young man did not do these things just to get publicity, which he says he detests. (However, *The World of Paul Slickey*, the play in which he says this, is his one total flop.) Shaw was less hypocritical: he wanted it, said he wanted it, went out to get it, got a lot of it and liked what he got.

Luther, though quite a poor play, is strong. But too much of the strength comes from history, biography and Luther's own words; too little from Osborne's imagining the character. That is to say, the importance of the Luther whom we watch and to whom we listen derives too much from the actual Martin Luther. Too often, Osborne fails to recreate Luther's dealings with Church and State and merely borrows their importance. This is particularly shoddy toward the end. Luther's power over the German princes is not demonstrated and is but sketchily discussed, and his harsh repression of the rebellious peasants is neither prepared for nor developed within the play. Earlier, Osborne does try to imagine Luther's father, and a botched, anachronistic job he makes of

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT is the author of Parktilden Village, *a novel set in California.*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the old man. He attributes to Luther's father the famous blasphemy Luther heard a priest utter while celebrating mass in Rome: "Bread thou art and bread thou shalt remain, wine thou art and wine thou shalt remain." It is a bit like a French playwright's attributing "Give me liberty or give me death" to Paul Revere — convenient for him, perhaps, but sleazy. The one really good scene is Luther's confrontation with two corrupt princes of the Church: a genuine dramatist wrote that, not a sloppy historian-cum-psychologist.

Still, Osborne takes his subject seriously, and Luther himself was so fascinating and important a man that the play is worth seeing. It is not often these days that one has the chance to see on stage a character of some magnificence seriously confront matters of spiritual and temporal importance. And it must be said that Osborne set himself a formidable task. It is not easy, especially in a psychologically realistic mode, to show on stage a protagonist wrestling more with his own intangible conscience or with the idea of the Church than with personal antagonists. To be sure, Luther's famous trial would seem to be a natural for the theatre, but even that is made difficult for a playwright by the theological lengthiness and abstractness of the debate and by the absence of a strong opponent. Except for the one fine scene, Osborne does not get much of Luther into a drama but he does get a good deal of him into a lead role. It is a sort of patriotic history play for lapsed Protestants and rebellious liberals.

PERHAPS it is not Osborne's artistry so much as Albert Finney's that gets what seems to be Luther onto the stage. To be certain of this, one would have to compare Finney's performance in the current London production with that of a merely competent actor, for Finney is splendid. He imagines Luther with genuine theatricality. He does not pageant a historical figure for us, not even a powerful, conflicting, spiritually dramatic historical figure. He creates a stage character whose sufferings and triumphs are to be projected by inflections of the actor's voice and motions of the actor's body. Finney does this with authority and power. Osborne has been lucky: for the third time the lead in a play of his has given a first-rate performance of a second-rate part. Maybe he is less a playwright than a creator of lead roles.

Finney had it a bit easier than Robert Stephens in *Epitaph for George Dillon* or Olivier in *The Entertainer*. In the two earlier plays the characters were supposed to be second-rate people, whereas Luther was supposed to be (as he was in history) first rate. Stephens and Olivier had to pour their fine wine into unshapely vessels, whereas Finney could legitimately employ all the obviously effective devices of rhetorical passion. He did it well, and from the diversity between this role and the lead in the film *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, which he also performed admirably, he shows signs of becoming another of those male stars with whom England has been blessed for some time.

Richardson, Gielgud, Redgrave, Olivier (Stephens and Finney if they keep it up): what brilliant stars. Surely if there is an art in which England can now count itself great, it is its acting. There has been in recent years a kind of mean congruity in the way the British have distributed honors: several actors have been knighted, whereas not a single living writer, to my knowledge, has been knighted for his writings. (Snow was knighted for his service in wartime, and Eliot has an Order of Merit, rarer than a knighthood but not the same.)

The greatest job of acting I have seen in a contemporary play was Olivier's in *The Entertainer*. There is a perverse congruity here too: that a great performer should give a great performance of a seedy performer giving a seedy performance in a second-rate play. What amazing self-consciousness this demands.

Self-consciousness is surely one of the dread diseases of the British. The fine actors listed above do not project the illusion, à la Anna Magnani, that their potent self has flowed into and become the imagined character. They seem always under great tension, the restraining tension of self-consciousness (this is especially true of Redgrave, sometimes to his detriment), the tension of that marvelous, appalling British will. But then, what nobler — indeed, what other noble — use is there for self-consciousness than acting? Self-consciousness stands impermeable as a mirror in front of self-knowledge. But great self-knowledge hardly seems necessary to great acting.

Also nowhere does hypocrisy have a nobler function than on stage (the Greek word for actor was hypocrite). Not all the centuries of lashing and jibing by her writers — Jonson, Swift, Fielding, Dickens, Shaw — have made the least dent in Britain's famous hypocrisy. The melancholy reflection suggests itself that maybe the chief consequence of making Britain conscious of its hypocrisy has been to aggravate its self-consciousness.

An Appearance

Okay A nightingale
does sing
outside this window
A mirror of leaves and noise
This monument
has torn to pieces our guide book
of facts
This startles
A nightingale,
the bird so ancient
he (anybody)
falls back
on his dusty shoes, pointing
The event darkens So like
our trembling,
we caught at it
breaking the skin

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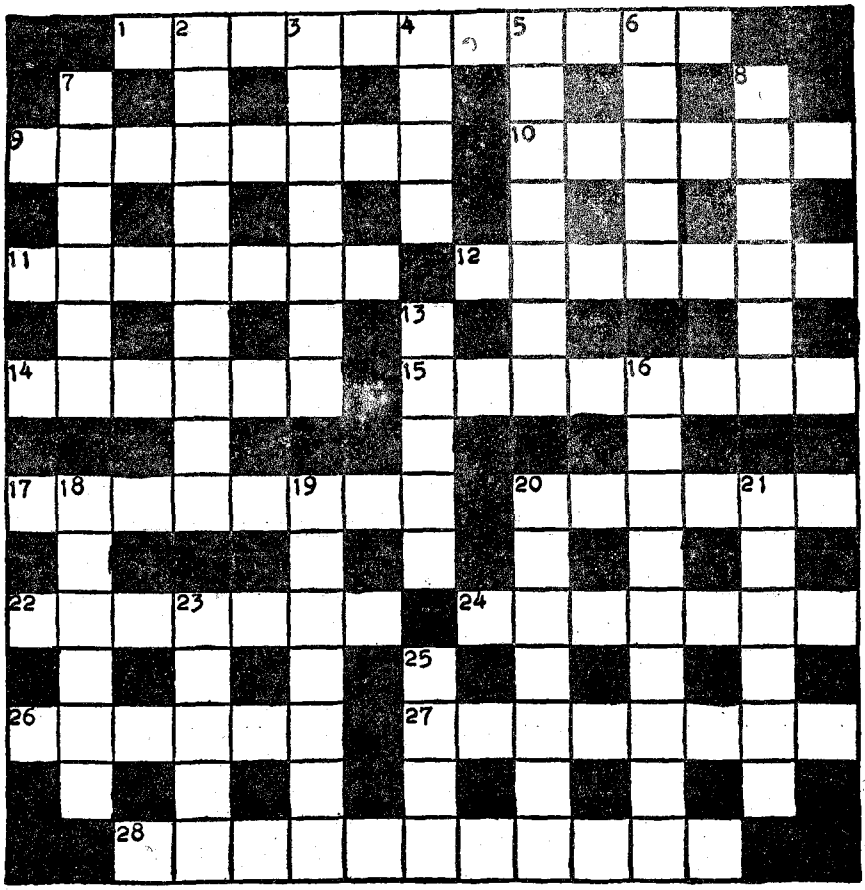
Crossword Puzzle No. 943

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Portentous on the wall. (11)
9 Only a lock for support. (8)
10 One of the "Little Women" seems to have grown up in crime. (6)
11 A call of wares last confused with glass. (7)
12 Cast around one who might be hep, this could be hurt! (7)
14 Certainly shouldn't be plugged into a D.C. socket, as you might grant. (6)
15 The way casks might be mentioned? (8)
17 Gray matter of the pack animal? (8)
20 Couldn't this official stand to have punishment? (6)
22 Profit, in a small way, is certainly not for you. (7)
24 A somber sort of religious man! (7)
26 18 gathers in this way. (6)
27 Criticize the expert, like catholicons. (8)
28 Don't apply the rule so much, and get unlimited results. (11)

DOWN:

2 Evidently Mr. Carney won't make a short appearance. (3, 2, 4)
3 What makes the impression difficult for the ultra-conservative? (3-4)
4 Support relief for the remainder? (4)
5 Might it be a habit to bring up a vehicle with company to be there shortly? (7)
6 The sort of thing that covered Henley. (5)
7 Copper container with less than a full measure of grain. (6)
8 A politician rather than a physicist. (6)
13 The color of 6? (5)
16 They might obstruct the view of the falls. (9)
18 Bacon said the desire of power in excess caused them to fall. (6)
19 Sits awkwardly after a bad transgression and makes demands. (7)
20 Having possibilities of future development. (7)
21 One way of putting old Nassau in Egypt. (6)
23 A picture of only one wise man? (5)
25 Not the main track of a griffe. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 942

ACROSS: 1 Flyswatter; 6 Trim; 10 Moaning; 11 Inroads; 12 Upon; 13 Depressive; 15 Litters; 16 Maddens; 17 Satyric; 20 Bleeder; 22 Wagon train; 23 Ache; 25 Relents; 26 Opinion; 27 Sign; 28 Bystanders. DOWN: 1 Famous last words; 3 Wait; 4 Tigress; 5 Epigram; 7 Realize; 8 Master sergeants; 9 Trust deed; 14 and 2 Year in and year out; 18 Tagalog; 19 Curtsey; 20 Bail out; 21 Decline; 24 Lion.

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